

SONNETS  
AND  
OTHER POEMS

P. E. SCARBOROUGH



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SONNETS AND OTHER  
POEMS





# SONNETS

AND

# OTHER POEMS

BY

F. E. SCARBOROUGH

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS, ESSAYS,  
AND LYRICS"



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## FOREWORD

IN this volume is incorporated the handful of sonnets and lyrics included in "Thoughts, Essays, and Lyrics," published by G. Bell and Sons, 1917.

F. E. S.



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# SONNETS



## VITALITY

THE splendour that impels man to his doom  
In this strait world of precept and restraint,  
That irks the freeborn nature with its feint  
Of freedom and its certainty of gloom  
And dull security. Oh, to find room  
To breathe, and fling away the fatal taint  
Of prudence and convention!—to be saint  
And savage too!—to gather all the bloom  
And fragrance of this fair earth for our own—  
Our own to crush and savour as we will!  
Exulting the swift elemental fire  
Leaps to devour our weak intent and fill  
Our hearts with glory, bidding us aspire  
To triumphs that the world has never known.

## NIGHTFALL

WHAT spirit broods upon the distant hills  
When twilight falls, the earth is growing  
dark,  
And clouds hang o'er their tops where they stand  
stark  
Against the steely sky? What is it fills  
The mind with wonder, and a need that thrills  
So keenly that its promise, like a spark,  
Lights up the realm of the soul, and bids it mark  
Undreamed of vistas, dreadful joys, and mortal  
ills  
Grown rapturous? Terror wears a blissful look,  
Beckoning to anguished heights of stern Delight  
Where Grandeur lurks within the core of Pain.  
Majestic Woe walks hand in hand with Might  
On those grim peaks, whose pinnacles to gain  
I'd welcome dangers that the world forsook.

## CONTRAST

**T**HREE runs a little, winding, upland lane  
Along a hillside, guarded by twin rows  
Of flowering hedges, where the wild-rose blows,

And honeysuckle blossoms after rain;  
And all around, a noble mountain chain  
Uprises—peaks whose ruggéd sides expose  
The naked rock, and falling sheer disclose

No pathway for the climber from the plain.  
Yet cosy lane with frowning height doth tone,  
For simple things do harmonize with grand,  
The lowly ever match with the sublime.  
So in the mind simplicity alone  
Doth mate with greatness. These together stand  
Impregnable to all assaults of time.

## UNTRODDEN WAYS

MANY a lyric wonder has been mine,  
A quick delight in all things God has  
made—  
In mighty skies and seas, and forest glade,  
And lonely moorland, where the heath and pine  
Keep company.—Before His vast design,  
Again and yet again, my soul has stayed  
Enchanted, and my spirit unafraid  
Has walked with Nature where she did incline.  
Oh God! I pray Thee, still let me behold  
Fresh glories in this earth Thou shonest me,  
New truths, and marvels greater than those past;  
That I may leap the boundaries of the old,  
And win new heights of faith and destiny,  
Merging in Thy infinity at last.

## LAKE LONELY

’**M**ID towering hills, whose ruggéd sides repel  
The casual wanderer, lies my lonely lake,  
Steeped in deep silence, save when breezes shake  
The tall, dark pines that cover all the fell  
Down to the water’s edge. Some curious spell  
Broods o’er the scene, that nought hath power  
to break,  
Born of the age-long stillness. Tempests wake—  
To sleep again; and, wherefore none can tell,  
The slumbering lake doth speak to one of death.  
How like the unplumbed waters of the soul  
We rarely visit, busied on the plains  
With things material!—Remote the goal;  
Small time to spare from counting up our gains;  
We leave our souls to sleep and save our breath.

## REAL GREATNESS

I MET a cottage woman in the lane,  
Who greeted me with proud and simple grace.  
Her manner held a dignity in place  
With royalty, and honour without stain  
Breathed in her fearless glance. And then again  
I mixed with those of wealth and noble race,  
Whose presence banished all my sense of space,  
And left a sense of meanness, that in vain  
They sought to hide with smiles and false repose.  
Is not pretence of worth a mockery?  
Does it not rouse contempt for lordly scene  
And social function, in the minds of those  
Who cherish greatness?—In true majesty  
The peasant girl is oftentimes the queen.

## “ THERE SHALL BE NO MORE PAIN ”

CAN that be so, and is it our desire?—  
There is a height where joy and pain are  
one—

Merged in an exquisite throe of life begun  
And ended, self cast on a funeral pyre  
Of sacrifice that flameth with a fire  
Of passionate love and bliss. Our eyes oft run  
With tears of joy for blessings hardly won.  
Shall these be wiped away? Do we aspire  
To reach a plane where we can cease to feel,  
Where all the splendid pangs of love are past?—  
Nay! Beauty, may I still retain the power  
Of feeling Thee, whatever else at last  
I lose! May I adore Thy Perfect Flower  
In ecstasy that death can never steal!

## THE PLACARD

FEBRUARY 1915

“VALERIAN in Action. British Ship  
Sinks German Cruiser.”—Breathlessly  
my gaze

Clings to those words that sting me like a whip,  
Burning to rapture and a wild amaze.

Is it his chance at last? My dear! My dear!

Only an armed liner! Who would have thought  
You'd get your chance when chances are so rare!

I knew how great your need, how fierce you  
fought

The agony that men should dare believe

You loved your life too well; you hid it deep.  
And now, if you have fallen, shall I grieve?

*Can* I, when you'll be smiling in your sleep  
To think at last your honour should be free? . . .  
Give me a paper, quick!—and let me see!

## SEWARDE

H E hath the freshness of dew-sprinkled dawn  
When the first sunbeams wake the sleeping flowers;  
He hath the fragrance of rose-scented bowers  
When breezes haunt them on a summer's morn.  
Strong and royally fearless was he born,  
With energy to test life's opening powers  
In tireless action, through the flying hours  
Filled with enchantment from young senses  
drawn.  
And oh, the darling sweetness of that face,  
Alight with joyous mischief!—the soft cheek,  
The baby hands that ever active steal  
About the loved one's neck in close embrace!  
Who the pure balm of innocence doth seek,  
Let him before this tender childhood kneel.

## BEYOND

THAT half-remembered garden of delight  
Whose dearest joy lay ever just beyond,  
Over that near hill-top, where tree and frond  
Patterned the aether with a lattice bright,  
Thou wert the rapture of my childhood's sight,  
And taught me many things that Nature's wand  
Conjured from the eternal.—Ah! how fond  
To deem *possession* aught but just the blight  
That kills the flower of promise! All that lasts  
Lies ever veiled, elusive, fleeing touch.  
Fair hints—God's kisses on the soul—transcend  
Material bliss; yet still the sensual casts  
Its spell on man, who forfeits heaven to clutch  
The hollow treasures that the world can lend.

## THE WOOD OF DEATH

BENEATH a stormy, sunset-coloured cloud  
The Wood of Death sweeps solemn to the  
sky.

Here do the sweet wild creatures come to die,  
Where ferns and grasses make their secret  
shroud

Far from the haunts of men, and noisy crowd  
Of worldlings; where the winds of heaven sigh  
In mystic cadence as they wander by,

A symphony not heeded by the proud.  
The quiet, protective shade of many trees  
Broods deep o'er Nature's children; holy ground

Gives she for burial, for she loves her own;  
May I, when death comes, far from sight or  
sound

Of human eye or ear, lie there alone,  
With these for comrades and the vagrant breeze.

## IMMORTALITY

STEEPED in immortal visions, I aspire  
Not to achieve a heaven that is nought  
But this small world idealized and fraught  
With like self-consciousness. My soul's desire  
Is to plunge into the universal fire  
Of Love; to feel God; be immersed in thought  
With Him; absorbed in the All-Mind that wrought  
Creation and the universe entire.  
Self-will has been the root of all man's pain;  
Escape from self shall be his final bliss.—  
To reach and cling to that veiled Ecstasy  
Revealed in nature, and unveil it!—kiss  
Its radiance and unite with it!—be free  
For ever on its bosom to remain!

## MISUNDERSTANDING

THIS is the punishment I bear, my friend,  
The thought that any heedless act of mine,  
E'en for one moment, should have hurt thy fine  
And fearless soul, that with my soul doth blend  
In such accord as rarely God doth send.  
Believe, it was by error not design ;  
But 'tis such faults that oft do cause decline  
In friendship's harmony, bringing a sad end.  
Oh, let it not be so with thee and me !  
Large minds do overlook small blemishes,  
And cling to virtues known, though not perceived  
Alway, amid the dust of wearing days.  
So let us hold our sympathy achieved,  
A gift to sweeten all the years to be.

## MY MEADOW

**G**IRT round with lonely fields, and hedges  
white

With tangled sprays of rose-buds, all unknown  
My meadow lies, its ditches overgrown

With nettles, and its undulations bright  
With myriad, swaying grasses, catching light

From the sun's rays. Oft I gather here, alone,  
The wondrous wild flowers prodigally sown

To bloom and wither far from human sight.  
Oh what a wealth of loveliness revealed

Repays the wanderer for his weary miles!  
So in the mind of man its treasures lie

Beyond wide fields of thought, and over stiles  
Of self-effacement, joys that never die

Feeding his spirit from their source unsealed.

## THE HILLS

O H let me linger where the great hills rise,  
Wrapped in their magic air of mystery,  
While cloudlets kiss their faces lovingly;  
Where gaunt and sombre mountains cleave the  
skies,  
Screening who knows what beauties from our eyes  
In their deep valleys. What delight to see,  
And pierce those shy recesses where green tree  
And bubbling stream do hold communion wise,  
And flower and fern in luscious tangle grow.  
The solemn grandeur of the mountain peaks  
Reveals to us the majesty of God,  
As smiling vale his tenderness doth show.  
The man who open-minded these hath trod  
Hath found that Peace that every mortal seeks.

## CHANGE

(ON LEAVING LLEWENI HALL, AUGUST 31ST, 1915)

I LEAVE the meadows and the hills behind—  
The wooded valley's mystic, sheltering calm  
That soothes the fretted spirit like a balm—  
And seek the life-work I may never find.  
Farewell to farmstead, and to all the kind,  
Sweet sympathy that held me with its charm!  
I go to where the ocean chants a psalm  
Of action and of daring to the mind;  
To where the tide of life rolls gloriously,  
Breaking in anguish on a stony shore;  
To where the soul may rise to heights sublime,  
And reign above the storms of destiny!  
Thus driving onward, still I strive to climb  
Nearer those dreams that beckon ever more.

## ENERGY

RETURN to me, thou swift and subtle fire!  
That ebbeth fast, and leaveth me all cold  
And nerveless, with my vision half untold.

Sweep me upon the heights of my desire,  
That I may clutch those thoughts that still retire

As I approach to cage them. Thou of old  
Didst ever spur my spirit, and uphold

Its high imaginings. These now expire  
In vagueness, and abstraction holds my mind

Enchained in dreadful emptiness, while yet  
The morning sunlight drenches the sweet earth.

Come, vital Energy, bid me forget  
This present and most lamentable dearth,

And in thy strength fresh inspiration find!

## WHAT IS CHARM?

CHARM is shy promise, mystery, surmise;  
The haunting smile upon a thoughtful face  
Veiling a look of pain; the shadowy trace  
Of suffering bravely borne, which yet may rise  
Triumphant o'er the soul which it denies;  
The natural impulse of a childlike grace  
That all unconscious steals itself a place  
In hearts that else were closed; the sweet sur-  
prise  
Of all spontaneous action; in a word,  
Suggestion:—but of what, he only knows  
Who learns to trace the Universal Soul  
In all things, for from that all beauty flows,  
All worth, all charm! which freely is conferred  
On him who seeketh union with the Whole.

## TENDERNESS

O H sweetness of the pearly, evening sky,  
Bluehills against the skyline sleeping!—Now  
A quiet tenderness doth o'er the brow  
Of the horizon brood; that seemeth nigh  
Eternity, and with its rare and high  
Tranquillity doth teach the weary how  
To rest in peace, and 'fore the Eternal bow.  
That purity bids all men's passions fly;  
The calm of nature soothes like a caress;  
Ah! all the air breathes Love, that as an embrace  
Of Deity, doth strengthen and revive,  
Filling the soul with rapture; yet men place  
Their faith in physics, seeking but to strive  
For fortune, whom this Grandeur waits to bless!

## THE PATH

THE narrow, winding path among the ferns  
Of some old forest glade I oft-times tread,  
Where all is mystery, and noise has fled  
To far-off places; where the spirit yearns  
For sweet, forgotten truths, and peace returns  
To the uplifted mind.—Or, instinct-led,  
I wander lonely moors, explore the dread,  
Bold crags of mountains where the sunlight  
burns.

So draw me to Thee by a private way,  
My God, which only Thou and I shall know!  
And try me high, where faith alone can find  
A path across the icy waste of snow,  
And peaks of self-abasement. In the blind,  
Fierce struggle still Thy strength shall be my  
stay.

## THE DESERTED BEACH

THE haunt of sunbeams, and of birds whose  
    swift

Wings score the air with light and sudden, set  
Sparks in the misty distance, o'er the wet

Sandbanks and azure of the sea—whose lift  
Mantles an ancient wreck, with yards adrift,

And skirts of seaweed, one mast standing yet  
To point a hapless finger of regret.

Behind, the sandhills that the breezes sift,  
And then wide sweeps of sand, an open space

Stretching broad arms to meet the lonely sea,  
Whose surf breaks ever in a wordless song.

Here do the spirits of eternity  
Find in the winds and waves a trysting-place,  
    And whisper secrets as they stray along.

## THE SKELETON

WERE it but brought into the light of day,  
No more would secrecy thy freedom bind,  
Nor fear lurk iu the background of thy mind  
That men should see what thou wouldest hide  
away.

Scandal a frank acknowledgment doth slay.  
Concealment ever maketh men unkind  
To scent disgrace in that which lies behind,  
And scorn the fool who careth what they say.  
Why should we seek to cover faults, and aim  
To seem what we are not? 'Tis all in vain.  
None can achieve perfection on this earth,  
And honest error fasteneth no stain  
On him who, single-minded, strives for worth.  
Courage to be himself doth vanquish shame.

## LONGING

O H for the friend I left so carelessly,  
Glad-eyed and merry on a summer's morn!  
Now to her memory my thoughts are drawn  
As to a magic that should set me free.  
Daily I wander by the cruel sea,  
Stung by an anguish that can scarce be borne;  
Lonely and desolate, my heart is torn  
With longing that she might come back to me;  
That I might hold her in a close embrace,  
Might fondle her, and kiss her cheeks and hair!—  
Foolish to think I had no need of aught  
Save nature's loveliness to banish care;  
Now I'd give all this beauty that I sought  
For but one glimpse of that belovéd face!

## FOXGLOVES

THEY are the fairies' faithful sentinels;  
Keeping mute watch for such as me and you,  
In mystic ways of forest, where they grew  
For ages—tall and straight—their purple bells  
Lit up with filtering sunlight from bright wells  
Without. They greet the little peeps of blue  
The tossing branches of the trees let through  
When breezes wander through the leafy dells.  
They spread a sheet of colour in the glades,  
And cover all the rocky, moorland heights  
With regal robes. Their leaves a virtue hold  
Whose vital power the doctor's healing aids  
When fighting death through anxious days and  
nights.  
Could any plant a greater worth unfold?

## THE SEA AT EVENING

RINGED by a cloudy bank of sombre grey  
The ocean stretches, vast, remote and sad.  
But few hours since 'twas sunbeam-kissed and  
glad,

Tossing a frolic head in airy play;  
Now all the sparkling revels of the day  
Are things forgot, and e'en the thoughtless lad,  
Gazing at that stern face, might rue the mad,

Fond pranks of youth, and sobered take his way.  
Like to the face of death it seems—asleep—

And dreaming hidden things we fain would  
know,

Immortal truths, whose far-off vision thrills  
The soul with rapture, which doth deeper glow  
As we absorb that majesty that fills  
The wide and solemn spaces of the deep.

## THE ABSOLUTE

HARK, this is that which ever is implied,  
Though rarely mentioned; cannot be explained,

But can be felt when we are not enchained  
By worldliness; that always doth abide  
Our ultimate contentment, though denied.

Unconsciously we seek it, unrestrained  
By ignorance and virtue unattained—

We had not lived at all had we not tried!  
It gives to all things their significance;  
Is behind all meaning and all mystery,  
And their solution; source and final bourne  
Of man's great soul and that soul's ecstasy;  
The depth from which his sustenance is drawn;  
His high and most sublime inheritance.

## PASSION

LIKE to the surges of the unchained deep  
Roll the fierce floods of feeling, icily  
Drenching the soul with pain, and heavily  
Plunging the body's senses into sleep.  
Swept beyond the blessed power to weep,  
Engulfed in more than mortal agony,  
The spirit yearneth only to be free,  
Drowned in a deep oblivion that might keep  
The soul a stranger to its own despair,  
Numb in forgetfulness. Ah, bitter woe  
That life should hold such anguish for the strong,  
Such dreadful payment for its pleasures rare!  
The thoughtless little reck how keen a throe  
May go to making of a poet's song.

## WORK

**T**O many, nothing but a Juggernaut  
Grinding men's souls beneath its cruel  
wheels;  
To me, a longed-for good, a hope that steals  
Like sunrise through the darkness of my thought,  
Beckoning me to rise from where I sought,  
And seek it yet again; the balm that heals  
The sore of self; the outlet that unseals  
The soul's pent forces, bringing wrong to nought!  
Alas! I sink in dreams for lack of it;  
I drift among the wreckage on life's shore  
Unused, my treasure all unspent! And now  
Shall I not aid in England's need before  
I pass into the night? Will God permit  
The waste of any creature He endow?

## THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE

THE savage in me laugheth loud and long  
At the attempts of proper folk to pose  
As able to evolve a power that grows  
Restrained in limits void of worldly wrong,  
As if convention ever could be strong,  
Or seeming ape achievement if it chose!  
Appearance is the shibboleth of those  
Whose deafened ears are closed against the song  
Of life and love, of nature and the soul,  
Whose eyes are blind to aught but fleshly need.  
Sophistication spelleteth impotence.  
The natural man alone attains his goal,  
And taps that power of growth that turns the seed  
Of thoughts to deeds, of toil to recompense.

## TRIBUTE

I THANK thee for that influence, my friend,  
That ever will remain, when thou depart,  
A thing of beauty treasured in the heart,  
Which may not be discarded to the end!  
A memory of kindness that doth lend  
Enchantment to a friendship's happy start,  
Of sympathy and insight that no art  
Could better in the sweetness of its blend.  
To some on earth a harmony doth cling—  
The rare aroma of a spirit fine—  
That radiates its blessing all around,  
And raises, as it touches, everything.  
Of such art thou!—be thy example mine  
When thy dear voice no more for me shall  
sound!

## THE VEIL

AND doth the curtained future hide indeed  
A knowledge it were benefit to gain,  
Concealing what might spur men to attain?—

Nay! for in mine own soul I know the seed  
Of things to come lies hid, and every need  
Is met beforehand. Can he suffer pain  
Who feels the might of God within?—how vain

To probe time's mysteries, and seek to read  
Those shuttered secrets of a future hour  
That aid the seeker not at all, nor make  
His happiness more sure! Believe, nought brings  
True progress but that yearning which doth wake  
The soul from sleep, and bid it use its wings  
To win to Peace and everlasting Power.

## SUGGESTION

LIKE lightning doth it strike man's consciousness,

Yet so intense the flash its glow remains  
To warm and brighten, till the soul attains

An exaltation powerful to bless  
And comfort, freeing it from stress  
And carnal blindness. Man, uplifted, gains  
An insight and perception that constrains  
Assurance calm and deep, and limitless  
Repose. This mystical enlivenment

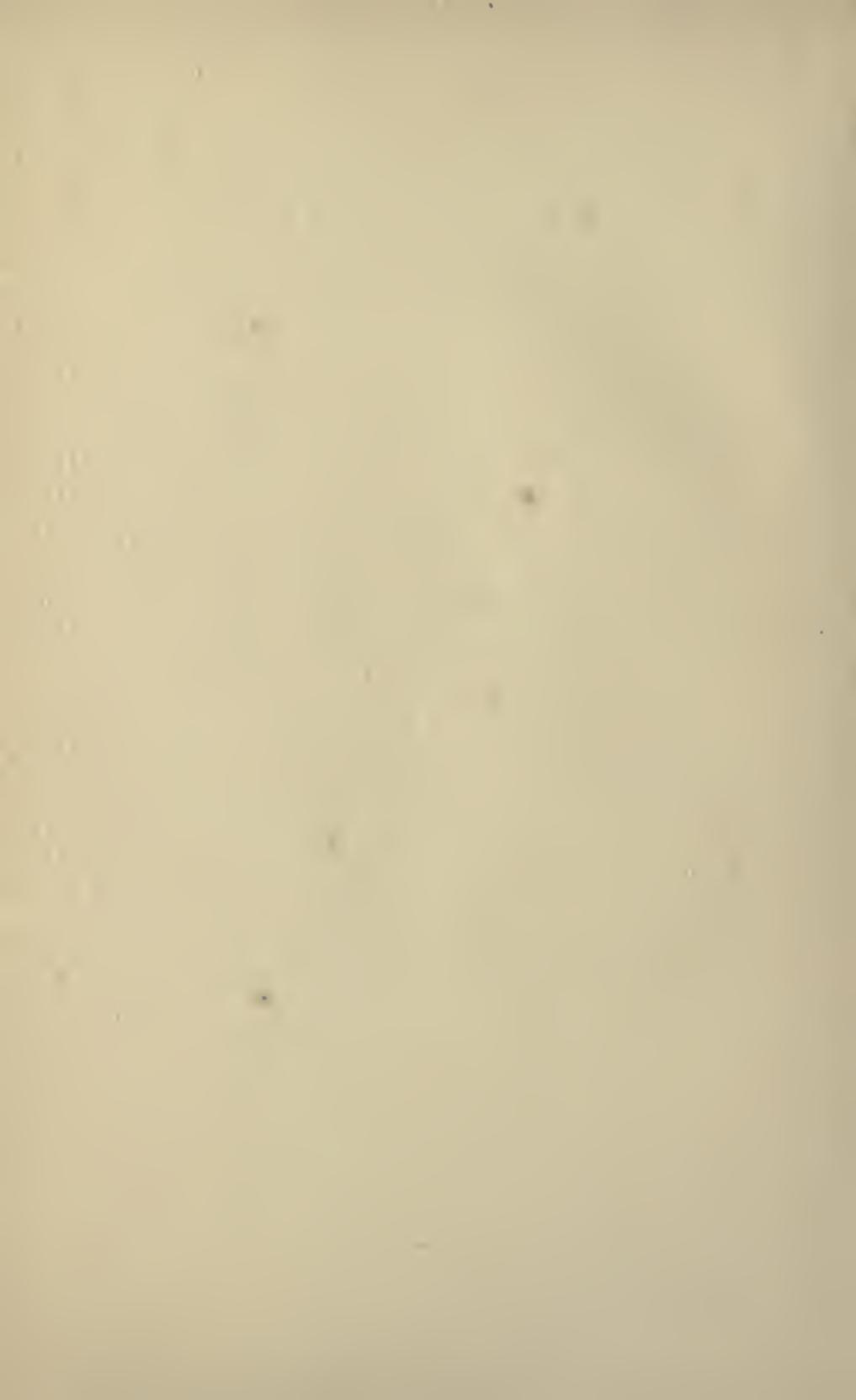
No reason can explain or analyse.  
A spark struck off from vital energy,  
Triumphant o'er the boundaries it defies,  
Lights up the vistas of infinity  
For one brief instant of enlightenment.

## EXPECTANCY

OVER the edge of the known, ever more  
    To the unknown I wend, snatching, glad-  
    eyed,  
At the skirts of Adventure, till she decide  
    To humour me and grant me of her store.  
I pass enchanted through the open door  
    Of dreams, and see the world untried,  
A place to dare—and curious beside,  
    With ever further wonders to explore;  
A place to play in, and its toys old fears  
    And foolish notions, dusty creeds and books;  
A place to triumph in, with faith for shield,  
    And conquest easy as the running brooks  
To gallantry that never thinks to yield,  
    Advancing all undaunted down the years.



## OTHER POEMS



## THE ROAD OF AGES PAST

I TROD the road of ages past,  
In the twilight—in the twilight,  
And trees thereby deep shadows cast  
Of a dim night—of a dim night  
Long years ago when men did ride  
On some wild quest of joy and pride,  
Unfettered as the countryside  
That defied them—that defied them.

Along the road the horsemen swept,  
'Mid the groaning—'mid the groaning  
Of mighty winds that vigil kept,  
Ever moaning—ever moaning  
Through forests and grim mountains rent  
By giants of old on mischief bent.  
'Twas magic country where they went  
On adventure—on adventure.

As they rode past their faces gleamed,  
And I knew them—I knew them!—  
They beckoned, and a splendour seemed  
To pursue them—to pursue them!—

## THE ROAD OF AGES PAST

Great heroes I had loved always,  
Whose dreams had brightened all my days,  
Revealing glories to my gaze  
That amazed me—that amazed me.

I cried to them to take me too  
To the trysting—to the trysting;  
I also had great deeds to do!—  
And insisting—and insisting—  
They called to me to follow on  
Along the way that they were gone,  
And oh, a wondrous radiance shone  
Full upon them—full upon them!

It faded and they vanished soon  
In the darkness—in the darkness,  
And I was left to grope alone  
In the starless—in the starless,  
Tempestuous night of human pain,  
The vision of that noble train  
Alone remaining in my brain  
To sustain me—to sustain me.

## DISTRACTION

FORGIVE me, Beauty! that I saw Thee not  
While walking with a comrade by the way.  
We talked indeed—of things I have forgot—  
Mere idle chatter of a summer's day.

Thou wouldst have told me many secret things,  
And taught me that high wisdom I desire;  
Thou wouldst have made my blissful wanderings  
A revelation of Thy inward fire.

Oh, tragedy of wasted ecstasy,  
Of Nature's tryst ignored and thrust aside!  
Were it not better aye alone to be  
Than led astray from that which doth abide?

Forgive me, Beauty! that I saw Thee not,  
While walking with a comrade by the way;  
Thou wouldst have shewn me truths I had forgot,  
Thou wouldst have made a heaven of my day!

## MIRAGE

HOW long is it now since I left the home track,

Can it be I have wandered too far to go back?—  
So little a time, yet how long it doth seem  
Since I followed my pleasure, and found it a dream!

Light-hearted I went, for my passion was strong,  
And nothing I recked, though I knew it was wrong  
To squander such treasure of life and of nerve  
On a passing delight that no purpose could serve.

Now joy has retreated and left me alone,  
With my life in a tangle, my heart like a stone,  
My nerves too exhausted to suffer the strain  
Of arising to take up the journey again.

And worse than all else is the anguish I feel,  
The despairing remorse no acceptance can heal.  
Will nothing the mind from this memory free,  
And make life again what it once used to be? . . .

So little a time, yet how long it doth seem  
Since I followed my pleasure, and found it a dream.  
'Tis simple indeed to abandon the track,  
But ah! how hard—how hard to get back!

## ASPIRATION

I CAST at Nature loving looks,  
I ponder deep, mysterious books,  
Enkindle thought and life and love  
At countless sources, where I move  
Adown the earth.  
O God, despite a faithless will,  
Grant me to share my treasure still—  
To spend that wisdom on mankind  
A lonely, upward-seeking mind  
Hath brought to birth!

I *gather* as the years go by,  
O let me *give* before I die,  
Nor stagger mute along the trail,  
My song unsung, untold my tale,  
Until the end.  
Denied an outlet for the soul,  
To drift, dream-clogged, upon no goal—  
Wasting and wasted; life's best powers  
Seeking in vain among the hours  
Themselves to spend,

## ASPIRATION

Were not a fate for me to face  
Whose feet have trod the heavenly place. . . .  
I rise to grasp the hand of God,  
To bid Him use His chastening rod  
And whip me on!—  
To give—where there is no demand,  
Obey—where there seems no command—  
For love of Him!—to fall, to rise,  
No matter what the enterprise,  
Till death is won!

## THE FOREST TREE

O H would I were a stately tree  
In some old forest-land,  
And I would then contented be  
For ages there to stand.

My base would be among the ferns,  
My top would pierce the sky.  
I'd know that peace my spirit yearns  
To feel before I die.

The sun would strike my leafy crown  
So that it quivered bright,  
And when in glory he went down  
I'd greet the stars at night.

The rustling of my brother trees  
Would make my slumber sound,  
And call to mind the murmuring seas  
And their refrain profound.

No clamour would disturb my calm,  
No noise the silence break,  
Only the breezes bringing balm  
Would soft my branches shake,

## THE FOREST TREE

And whisper there a haunting song  
To charm my solitude,  
Making me with their freshness strong  
To face the winter rude.

Oh would I were a stately tree  
In some old forest-land,  
And I would then contented be  
For ages there to stand.

My mortal sin and suffering  
Would then for ever cease,  
And earthly sorrow lose its sting  
In immemorial peace.

## THANKSGIVING

I THANK Thee, Lord, that Thou hast clothed  
With mystery this living earth,  
Else life had been a burden loathed,  
Its pleasures toys of little worth.

I thank Thee that a hidden Joy  
Resideth at the heart of things,  
That no disaster can destroy,  
Nor seal the source from which it springs;—

A Joy that flasheth unaware  
From some high region of the soul,  
And in that moment planteth there  
A certain knowledge of its goal;

And in that moment slayeth death,  
And maketh life Reality;  
And in that moment shadoweth  
The bliss of Immortality.

I thank Thee that this ecstasy  
In danger ever doth uplift  
And nerve men to sublimity,  
For Grandeur goeth with the gift.

## THANKSGIVING

'Tis Thee Thyself we apprehend,  
Thy glory that we faintly see,  
And in good time our souls shall blend  
With Thine for all Eternity.

## WISDOM

To care for nought,  
But smilingly  
Thyself to be;  
The world unsought,  
Its pleasures spurned,  
Simplicity  
And harmony  
The lessons learned.

To care for nought,  
Through life to go  
Without a throe;  
The life of thought  
Thy only goal,  
To sweetly grow  
As flowers blow,  
And trust the Whole.

## QUEST

**A** LONG a winding, country lane—  
A lane that leads I know not where—  
I wander like a child again,  
And glean immortal treasure there.

Wild-flower and fern all dewy wet,  
The hedge with tangled blossom fair,  
A higher joy the way holds yet,  
'Tis this—it leads I know not where.

O magic quest of the Unknown  
That tempts mankind its paths to dare!  
In this is ecstasy alone,  
It leadeth me I know not where,

Save that it leads at last to Thee,  
Thou Lord of earth and sky and air,  
Who loveth while Thou chidest me,  
For see—I find Thee everywhere!

## MAKE GOOD!

**T**O all the peoples of the earth  
This cry goes forth, this trumpet call,  
This high command to prove their worth,  
While armies fight and tyrants fall—  
Make Good!

Whoever would to glory rise  
And take his seat among the great,  
Let him assist the enterprise,  
And heed the warning voice of fate—  
Make Good!

There is no room for coward heart  
In this grim conflict for the Right.  
The man who will not do his part  
That summons sweeps him out of sight—  
Make Good!

For valour rules the world to-day,  
Sublime and deathless sacrifice ;  
And heroes, keeping wrong at bay,  
And grudging not the last great price—  
Make Good!

## MAKE GOOD!

They leave mankind a legacy,  
A grand uplifting of the soul,  
That makes to strive an ecstasy,  
In answer to the splendid call—  
Make Good!

## CLOUD WARRIORS

DRAKE! Drake!  
Art thou awake?  
See! In the clouds  
Uncounted shrouds  
Of those great dead  
Whose spirits guard  
The gallant, scarred,  
Unconquered coasts  
Of England! Dread,  
Embattled hosts  
Do unseen fight  
For Her and Right  
Against a foe  
Who bringeth woe  
And dreadful dearth  
On all the earth.  
Is Nelson there?  
Doth Strafford dare?  
Is Shakespeare's ghost  
Among the host?  
Yes! Yes! But over all  
Doth echo the great seaman's call.

## CLOUD WARRIORS

Drake! Drake!  
Art thou awake?  
The time is come  
When words are dumb,  
And deeds do speak!  
When mighty acts  
Do form the tracts  
That nerve young souls  
To nobly seek  
Heroic goals.  
Thy mind was great  
To master fate  
In matchless deeds.  
Do thou the needs  
Of England meet,  
And bring defeat  
On brutal wrong.  
Oh, let thy strong,  
Undaunted will  
Inspire us still!  
Break! Break! the evil power  
That seeks to triumph in this hour!

## TO SILENCE

COULD I but choose a comrade through the  
the years,

Sweet Silence! I would pray, with tears,  
Thy pure companionship might wrap me round,  
Shielding me from the clangor din  
Of action in a world of sin,  
That so my tired mind from restless sound  
To peace might win.

A silence not that strains the listening ear  
With sense of emptiness and fear,  
But comforts it with Nature's whisperings,  
With sound of winds and lapping seas,  
And songs of birds, and rustling trees  
Confused in all delicious murmurings  
That soothe and please.

## SEA MUSIC

O WHO can sing the freshness of the mighty,  
rolling sea,  
When the sky is grey and cloudy, and the water  
dashing free  
Round the gunwale of the open boat that carries  
you and me.  
Two's company, they say, but Nature makes a  
perfect three!

The spray of the salt ocean hurries stinging past  
one's face,  
For the wind has got behind it and is keeping up  
the pace.  
Know, Flying Foam and Rushing Gale, I too am  
of your race,  
Co-partner in your freedom, and I *lean* to your  
embrace!

I glory and I triumph to be with you on the day  
When you're rough and rude and hasty, and you're  
shouting in your play

## SEA MUSIC

As you hurl your force and volume helter-skelter  
up the bay,  
Whirling all unhealthy vapours and depressions  
far away.

O who can hymn the grandeur of the mighty,  
rolling sea,  
When the sky is grey and cloudy, and the water  
dashing free  
Round the gunwale of the open boat that carries  
you and me.  
Two's company, they say, but Nature makes a  
perfect three!

## RIPPLES

A N army of fairies danced over the lake,  
They came when the breezes the water did  
shake.

A myriad of wavelets their footsteps did toss  
While in endless procession they tiptoed across.

They sparkled and shone in the setting sun's rays  
As though the whole place were with diamonds  
ablaze.

They leapt and they sprang, and they nodded and  
bowed,

Sure never did man see so merry a crowd.

As this concourse of fairies passed over the lake  
The fluttering breezes their garments did take.

They laughed and they beckoned, they glittered  
and spun,

Then vanished away with the set of the sun.

## HIS CHANCE

GLINT of the sunshine,  
Scent of the brine,  
Murmurous cadence of wavelets breaking on  
golden sand,  
Blue, blue leagues of sea for ever lapping around  
the land,  
Airy spaces of sky with white clouds sailing slowly  
by,  
And of a sudden a cry! a summoning, warning  
cry!  
“Swimmers wanted! come along,  
All who are able and strong!  
A man and woman are drowning at the far end of  
the bay!”  
Did we realize what it meant?—at first it was hard  
to say.

Gleam of the sunlight  
Dazzlingly bright!  
Barely conscious of purpose instinctively Winslow  
ran,  
Yet not so quick as to tire before the battle began.

## HIS CHANCE

Already weary with swimming nothing he recked  
of that,  
But went fully clothed to the rescue, except for  
the hat  
That he cast down on the beach.  
He wondered if he could reach  
The woman out there in the sea, the man had gone  
under.  
Wading in to the waist he breasted the water's  
thunder.

Salt of the wave tips  
Stinging the lips!  
Could it be really he who found an adventure at  
last?  
The chance he had always longed for and sought  
in vain in the past?  
Small time for reflection! He reached the unfor-  
tunate pair,  
Caught the man by the arm where he drifted un-  
conscious there,  
And tried to draw him to land.  
Others there were close at hand;  
Together they brought the man and girl safe in to  
the place  
Where the shallowing water allowed them a breath-  
ing space.

## HIS CHANCE

Those on the spot made  
Ready to aid.

Quickly they formed a chain and dragged the two  
up on the shore.

The girl fast recovered; the man was unconscious  
before,

And responded no wit to the efforts of those who  
with vain,

Frantic energy toiled to restore him his senses  
again.

Vaguely young Winslow observed  
Their excitement, and the unnerved  
And horrified crowd that surrounded the man as  
he lay,

For he never came round—and the light faded out  
of the day.

Dripping and weary,  
Up from the sea

Came our young swimmer who first had succoured  
the drowning ones.

Calm and unmoved he went as one whom ex-  
perience stuns.—

Creditable? Ah, no! he did what he hungered to  
do,

And there is no merit in that! he was paid for it  
too

## HIS CHANCE

In confidence. So he thought,  
Though many to praise him sought.  
Well! he had had one chance and, please God,  
he'd have others yet,  
Finer ones still—but now what he wanted was to  
forget.

## OVER THE BRINK

WHAT is there over the top—  
Over the top of the hill?  
Where the soft clouds sail in a sea of air,  
And it's blue—deep blue—with the mystery there,  
And it's oh, so still  
That life seems to stop  
Over the top of the hill.

What is there over the edge—  
Over the edge of the world?  
Do we leap straight into eternity,  
And sleep like the clouds in an infinite sea,  
With our thought-sails furled  
On a satisfied pledge—  
Over the edge of the world?

When we take the leap of death  
Over the brink of the grave,  
We shall sink safe into the arms of God,  
And forget ourselves and the earth that we trod,  
And know nothing save  
The thing that Love saith—  
Over the brink of the grave.

## LAMENT FOR THE DAY

**M**Y beautiful Day  
Passeth away!  
Oh, whither away  
Goeth my Day?—  
Nought hath been wrought,  
Nought hath been sought,  
No battle fought!—  
Only I thought!  
And silently caught  
The sigh of the Day  
As she faded away.

## DREAMS

THE cup of my vitality  
How oft doth overflow,  
And drain itself in phantasy  
And dream and other woe.

My pity and my sorrow too,  
I cast them light away,  
And spill my pleasure and my rue  
Adown a wasted day.

O God! wilt Thou the pitcher pour,  
And use the heart Thou gave?  
Then dreams shall yet be deeds before  
I pass unto the grave!

## THE IDEAL

I HEAR a sound of passing feet,  
Is it she whom I would greet?  
Where she goeth I must go,  
Beauty doth intrigue me so.

Still I follow where she leads,  
Be it on to gallant deeds?  
Then I'll essay them laughingly,  
Succeed or fail undauntedly,

My delight and my despair  
Centred in that magic, rare,  
That for ever doth depart  
Before the strivings of the heart!

I hear a sound of passing feet,  
Is it she whom I would greet?  
Where she calleth I must go,  
Beauty doth enchant me so

I

NATURE WEEPS

MY love hath dropped a veil of rain  
About her beauteous face,  
And now I would her features trace  
I cannot see them plain.

Oh, mistress, wherefore dost thou weep  
When I would have thee smile?  
Wouldst thou thy loveliness defile  
When thou hast tryst to keep?

I like thee not in this disguise,  
Thou must thy tears restrain.  
I will not wait on thee again  
Till thou hast dried thine eyes.

II

NATURE SMILES

**M**Y mistress wears her loveliest dress  
To pleasure me to-day.  
She hath repented her distress,  
And wept it all away.

I see her radiant smiles break out,  
And hear her laughter ring.  
She doth not my affection flout,  
But waiteth, welcoming,

With rosy lips so shyly sweet,  
And eyes all starry blue.—  
I hasten forth my love to greet  
And tell her I am true.

I fly into her tender arms—  
Her fragrance, how divine!  
Oh, mistress, were there ever charms  
So wonderful as thine!

## MOODS

A SLEEP and not asleep!—pent in a mood,  
Drowned in a deep abstraction, that, like  
lead—

A leaden stillness—weighs on limbs and brain.

Asleep and not asleep!—caught in a dream,  
Sunk in a maze of visions—thoughts that seem  
More real than Life, holding my mind astrain.

Asleep and not asleep!—dead to the world,  
Called to a lofty Duty, that hath hurled  
The body senseless, summoning the Soul!

Asleep and not asleep!—cradled in Peace,  
Lapped in a sea of Life, wherein I cease,  
And God exists—His Love encircling all!

## AFFINITY

THE racing wind, the dancing sea,  
Exist alike to comfort me!  
The rustling wheat, the swaying tree,  
Each moves in hidden harmony  
With that diviner, loftier Me  
That knoweth why the winds are free,  
That feeleth what it cannot see,  
That yearneth evermore to be  
Absorbed in its own mystery!—  
Rememb'ring naught of me and thee  
In that immortal ecstasy  
That prophesies the Life to Be.

## NATURE

HE is my mother and my friend,  
My mistress and my sweetheart too,  
And all that I can give or lend  
I'll give to her and never rue.

Her presence brings me purest joy,  
Her absence such unerring pain  
I cannot well my time employ  
Until she cometh back again.

I love her laughter and her frown,  
Her modesty and simple pride;  
I love her more in any gown  
Than all the haughty world beside.

She is my mother and my friend,  
My mistress and my sweetheart too,  
And I will serve her to the end,  
And never once the service rue.

I ask no other company,  
No other tonic for my soul ;  
To be with her in unity  
Is perfect bliss and final goal.

## WORLDLINESS

WHEREVER mortals are  
There is ugliness and noise.

They are screaming from afar,  
They are fighting for their toys,

They are scrambling to be first  
In the battle for renown ;  
'Tis for pleasure that they thirst  
And would thrust each other down.

A Higher Will ordains  
They shall fail of their intent,  
And that all their worldly gains  
Shall not bring them what they meant.

Yet they struggle still and strive  
In a clamorous unrest,  
Till for them to be alive  
Is to be for ever pressed

With a multitude of cares.—  
Shall we join the foolish throng?  
Or surrender them our shares  
And retire where we belong?

## DISCOVERY

I HAVE found a wild path leading up from the shore

Whose secrets and beauties I yearn to explore,  
Despite the keen wind that would thwart my desire  
With his boisterous force and his blustering ire.

I know not the way up this toilsome ascent,  
Nor the goal that I seek, yet I'm passing content,  
For the path truly seems to lead up to the sky—  
'Tis the kind I like best, though I never knew why.

The ferns and the grasses are all that I meet—  
Mute comrades, I know, but so modest and sweet;  
And the wind playing round them doth bring me  
delight

Such as no human converse could ever excite.

To discover a way that one never hath been,  
To alight on fresh marvels one never hath seen—  
What higher enchantment could life have to give  
And what simple joy better help one to live?

## DISCOVERY

I have found a lone path leading up from the shore,  
Whose secrets and beauties I mean to explore  
Before the long hours of the day are outrun;  
Then I'll lay me to rest till another's begun.

## REGRET

**I**N my mind a picture grows,  
Portrait of the friend I chose  
Toiling lonely at her task  
While I here in sunshine bask,  
Left unaided in her care  
When I might that burden share.  
Why am I not there?

See! her head falls in her hands.  
Hers the grief of many lands  
For the children that are slain,  
And deserted in her pain,  
Life is more than she can bear.—  
Ah! she weeps in her despair!—  
*Why am I not there?*

## SOUL YEARNING

O LORD, wilt Thou help me because I know  
nothing?—  
Lord, wilt thou raise me  
So that I read the great riddle of life passing,  
So that naught stays me  
In my wild, ceaseless search for a higher love than  
living  
I can attain to, with all my surrender of giving?

Who can fathom the depth of that tenderness?—  
Thoughts cannot reach it.  
Who can measure the height of that sacrifice?—  
No man can teach it.  
Only the innermost core of the spirit can feel it  
As the blind feel the light, when eyesight cannot  
reveal it.

Unsatisfied yearning for spiritual vision  
Ever remaineth  
Saddening the strong soul, whose heightening  
promise  
Barely sustaineth

## SOUL YEARNING

The horror of carnal blindness that holds it from  
seeing

That light of Love that it knows is the goal of its  
being.

Again I proclaim, there is in this existence  
Only a feeling—

As the blind feel the light—that whispers the spirit  
Of the Love stealing,

Shining around it and through it the while it gropes  
praying

To the Lord of all life to guard and keep it from  
straying

Into the darkness of death . . . Then, Lord—  
loving—

May I obey it,

Allow not the voices of matter to stifle

Nor to gainsay it,

Undaunted follow that sense that is higher than  
knowing—

The greatest gift of this life that Thou hast for  
bestowing—

Until it shall lead me to Thee in Thy heaven,  
In a surrender

## SOUL YEARNING

More perfect and final than any my utmost  
Efforts can tender  
On this poor earth. The reward of my faithful  
endeavour  
Shall be to unite with Thy limitless Goodness for  
ever.

## THE POET

WHO would not a poet be?  
Winging high  
To the sky,  
Spirit purely elevated,  
Universal, consecrated,  
Leaps the bounds of finity  
Seeking for divinity.  
Who would not a poet be?

Who would still a poet be?  
Drooping low  
Under woe,  
Breaking heart in human sorrow,  
Dreaming of no earthly morrow,  
Bound to unrealities,  
Crushed by trivialities,  
Who would still a poet be?

## NIGHT

THE great wind wanders lonely o'er the heath,  
Seeking the soul that once with him com-  
muned,

Sweeping the stars, and calling where, beneath,  
The dim trees murmur, to the stars attuned.

“Where is the spirit that enticeth me?  
Come, thou belovéd, to my mighty arms!  
Together will we race across the sea,  
Raising great storms where brooded gentle calms.

“Wilt thou not kiss thy lover 'mid the spray  
Of tumbling breakers on a moonlit beach,  
Or hear him breathe, in some enchanted bay,  
That love that to the firmament doth reach?”

The great wind wanders lonely o'er the heath,  
Seeking the soul that spake with him at noon,  
Sweeping the stars, and sinking where, beneath,  
The dim trees whisper dirges to the moon.

## QUESTION

DEAR, if you are lost to me,  
Still it comforts me to think  
You are somewhere on this earth—  
And from some you do not shrink.

How I trust they treat you well,  
Those new friends who take my place!  
Are they staunch and true as I?  
Are they worthy your embrace?

Do they sacrifice themselves  
In the way I used to do?  
For if not, why soon I fear  
They will cease to interest you.

Oh my dear, perchance in life  
We may meet again once more.  
Say, will you regret the chance?  
Will you treat me as before?

Will you welcome me with joy,  
Or will you turn in scorn away?  
If your answer is the last  
May I never see the day!

## QUESTION

If the last *could* happen then  
May I never know the pain!  
Yet—oh love, *I'd risk it all*  
*Could I see you once again!*

## ON A DAY

**O**N a day—  
A sweet day—  
We walked together, you and I,  
To where a stately avenue  
Stretches away towards the sky,  
With cypresses of sombre hue  
Uprising spire on spire, in grand  
Unbroken ranks on either hand.

On that day—  
That sweet day—  
We fain would breast the steep incline,  
But weariness the wish forbade.  
Betwixt the trees the bright sunshine  
Made dappled spots of light and shade;  
Entranced we gazed, and longed in vain,  
Then turned our steps for home again.

On that day—  
That spring day—  
You took my arm and said to me,  
“ The first fine morning we can spare  
We'll climb that hill, my dear, and see  
The view to be obtained from there.”

## ON A DAY

For to our thought the prospect shone  
With all the charm of the unknown.

On a day—

A sad day—

We parted swiftly, you and I,  
In misery and grief of mind.

The weeks had slipped so quickly by  
We had not done as we designed—

And now our lives are sundered! . . . still  
That purpose does my memory thrill.

On some day—

Some dear day—

Perchance we two again may meet!

And then, my dear, I'll fly to you,  
And we shall each the other greet  
As though no shadow ever grew  
Between us, and our joy shall be  
Unhindered by sad memory.

On that day—

That dream day—

We'll climb the hill of our desire  
Beyond the cypresses of pain,  
And all the air a wondrous fire  
Of love shall hold, and we shall gain  
A perfect and enduring bliss  
To fill the days that follow this.

## LAUS DEO

FOR shafts of light .  
F That seek me in dull, dark rooms,  
And kiss me into the sunshine,  
Laus Deo!

For wild, free winds  
That shake my soul with delight,  
And sweep me on to achievement,  
Laus Deo!

For careless waves  
That wake me to ecstasy  
With the rough power of their breaking,  
Laus Deo!

For sleeping clouds  
That tangle my raptured gaze  
In the pure peace of their slumbers,  
Laus Deo!

For joy of life  
That surges up in my soul  
And laughs with a deathless laughter,  
Laus Deo!

## RELUCTANCE

AND must I then the wish suppress,  
When I would write to thee  
An ode of magic tenderness,  
My sweet Simplicity?

The duties of this worldly plane  
How oft do interfere,  
When Nature calleth me to gain  
Her own enchanted sphere.

Oh, would I might for ever live  
In that immortal zone,  
And never payment have to give  
For duties left undone.

## APPRECIATION

BETTYS-Y-COED, JUNE 1918

I TREAD the wayward paths of earth,  
Seeking the things of my desire,  
And lo, behold the world afire  
With love and kindliness and mirth!

Such beauty doth delight my eyes  
I scarce can credit what they tell,  
It seemeth like a magic spell  
That some enchanter doth devise.

Oh God, why hast Thou nature decked  
In such a robe of loveliness?  
Thou couldst have gifted her with less,  
And we had never known or recked.

But life had been a dreary thing,  
A wilderness devoid of charm,  
And we had missed the chiefest balm  
For earthly grief and suffering.

## APPRECIATION

I thank Thee then that Thou didst please,  
And for the kindness that I meet.  
The hours slip by so swiftly sweet  
I have no time for memories.

## COLOUR-BLIND

**M**Y friend, and are you colour-blind?  
The sky's intense and dazzling blue,  
The vivid green of grass and tree,  
The foxglove's purple that we find  
Covering the hillside and the lea,  
Do they seem all the same to you?  
Is the Almighty so unkind?

The changing colours of the deep,  
What aspect do they bear to eyes  
Like yours, friend? Do you see them too,  
As once I did in nightmare sleep,  
One dull, unvarying, *ashen* hue?  
If so, the world is in disguise,  
A dread disguise to make one weep!

## MOTHER EARTH

BEHOLD, I sing the charm  
Of the common earth,  
With stick and stone and leaf  
    Lying around,  
And grass that has no worth  
To tempt the poorest thief,  
Spreading its cool, green balm  
    On all the ground.

The fresh and healthy scent  
Of the budding soil,  
The boulder near the spring,  
    The mossy stone;  
No use can ever spoil  
The pleasure that they bring,  
Nor lessen my content  
    With these alone.

Behold, I sing the song  
Of the humble ground.  
Whether it rise in height,  
    Or roll in plain;

## MOTHER EARTH

Whatever kind be found  
I tread it with delight,  
In contact waxing strong  
And blythe again.

## IN SUMMERLAND

**I**N Summerland there is a nook  
Only known to me,  
Wherein descends a plashing brook,  
Very fair to see;  
And all the trees in shy surprise  
Do toss the sunlight from their eyes,  
And shimmer in their young disguise  
Of greenery.

Often when I wander there,  
Modestly intent,  
The flowers to me a message bear,  
From the Father sent;  
And in the cool of their embrace  
I lay me down to rest a space,  
And ponder in that quiet place  
Of merriment.

For all the air a laughter holds,  
Silent as the light  
That quivers in the hidden folds  
Of leaves and grasses bright;

## IN SUMMERLAND

And with this joy a wonder grows,  
It seems a spell that Nature throws,  
Breathed from the leaf and flower that blows,  
And from the height

Where soar the sprites of mystery  
Who are never seen,  
But sometimes those in sympathy  
Know where they have been  
By the swift glitter of their wings,  
And the high melody that rings,  
Soundless, from out the deepest springs  
Of life unseen.

And still they haunt that darling spot—  
Only known to me—  
Where skies are blue, and care is not,  
And the strong soul is free;  
Where Nature thrills with the divine,  
Revealing God in every line,  
And all things worship at her shrine  
In ecstasy.

## MORNING

YOUNG Morning leapt up over the hill,  
Clad in pale blue and fleecy white,  
She lit upon a babbling rill,  
And touched its foam with sparks of light.

Beneath her swiftly flying feet  
The purple heather quivered bright,  
The ferns became a dazzling sheet  
As she passed o'er them in her flight.

She quickly won to other peaks  
And drove away the lingering night,  
Her golden hair made glittering streaks  
On each new pinnacle and height.

The bare hillsides caught sudden fire  
That brought their naked rocks to sight,  
The sunbeams gleamed on roof and spire,  
And set them glowingly alight.

When Morning sprang upon the sea,  
A shaft of splendour made a bright  
And wondrous path, whose brilliancy  
Extinguished all the stars outright.

## MORNING

Along this sparkling way of dreams  
There sported many a nymph and sprite—  
Aurora's train, that ever streams  
About her in her daily rite.

Sweet Morning smiles on man's intent,  
Bringing fresh vigour, hope, and might.  
Oh is she not for virtue meant?  
And does she not our love invite?

## MIST

FAIRY-FOOTED mist  
Stealeth o'er the land;  
Always where I look,  
Never where I stand.

## FAIRYLAND

BENEATH the murmuring forest trees  
That, clothed in green, immortal stand,  
The wanderer in wonder sees  
The way that runs to fairyland.

The mossy carpet spreadeth wide  
Beneath the trunks on either hand,  
And here do fairies laughing hide  
In the way that runs to fairyland.

They peep from out the tangled fern,  
From aisles by lofty branches spanned,  
They dance where rays of sunshine burn,  
In the way that runs to fairyland.

Such mystic music floateth here,  
By little vagrant breezes fanned,  
It haunteth each true listener's ear  
Where the way runs through to fairyland.

Ah! who hath not the forest trod,  
Nor learnt its spell to understand,  
He never hath been near to God  
In the way that runs to fairyland!

## WHAT IS'T TO WEEP?

A SUNLIT sky, a vast  
Horizon, mists that cast  
Soft veils o'er hills asleep—  
These bid me weep.

Some unsuspected day  
God takes our toys away,  
Poor things we might not keep,  
And so we weep!

## RHAPSODY

**O**THERE are many the world calls great  
Who are not great!—poets and artists and  
thinkers.

They rave of *Love*,—Love, the all-powerful  
Motive force of mankind;

They prate of *Love*,—Love, the earthly desire  
Of flesh for flesh, of sex for sex.

He knows not Love who narrows it to the individual!

Love that is infinite, universal,  
In all and through all,  
A shining light burning through mists of sense  
With a pure, spiritual gleam;

A sweet, eternal steadfastness beaming alway  
Through the mere shows of things!

The More-than-man that dwells in man  
And lights its flame in man,  
Who, not knowing God from creature,  
Spirit from sense, pours adulation,  
Burns and strives for the *Individual*—  
That vase that holds the oil—

## RHAPSODY

That screen the light shines through  
In multi-coloured hues of thought and action.  
Oh, the tragedy! the base blindness  
Of mixing form with Spirit!  
Of calling Love, of *daring* to call *Love*  
That lustful passion for a mere person,  
For a particular vehicle of God,  
Which, blind to all the sea that flows around—  
That shoreless sea of Spirit which *is Love*—  
Magnifies some small pool found in the rocks,  
Prostrates itself in adoration  
Before just that form, caught by a gleam  
Of passing sympathy struck from its bright surface.

Is not God contained in all men?  
Does not His Spirit  
Permeate the whole of nature,  
Breathe through *all* forms of life?  
Wherfore elect to narrow Love  
To a single incarnation, not cherish it in each  
In proportion it appears in each? thus recognizing  
The divine immensity, the omnipresence of Love,  
That walks the earth in myriad forms, in each one  
manifest  
To him whose eyes are open to adore.

Oh, poets! poor, blind fools, who wail  
Of broken hearts, and fill the air

## RHAPSODY

With plaints of lovers parted,  
Love now dead for ever. Talk no more  
As if Love wooed thee not from every face  
Alight with spiritual glory! Shame not man!  
Confound not sensual lust with heavenly Love!  
Cease hymning the particular  
Save in its relation to the Whole.  
Turn to the Universal and find Love  
That fails not ever, and can ne'er run dry  
And mock the thirsty seeker.  
O pluck the giant error that has flourished  
From earliest times unchecked.  
Prostrate yourselves in worship before the divine,  
Immeasurable Sea of Love  
That is our Life, and should aye be our joy!

## WAYNFLETE

### A TRAGEDY OF WILLIAM III's REIGN

**I**N Hammond's Coffee House all was flutter  
and excitement—  
With good cause, for were not the revelations of  
the trapped  
Sir John Fenwick grave enough?—giving food for  
lively thought,  
Seeing he named the highest in the land in his  
indictment—  
Churchill, Godolphin, and—some whispered—  
even Shrewsbury, wrapped  
In his mantle of aloofness; too unsullied for ought  
Of scandal to attack him, one would have said;  
But then when a man is fighting for his head  
He'll stick at nothing. So argued most men,  
dubbing the charge  
Preposterous. There entered a young man newly  
arrived  
In town, well-known for his affection for the Duke  
—affection

## WAYNFLETE

Shrewsbury returned. His presence seemed in  
some way to enlarge  
The place. Men eyed him with a wondering re-  
spect deprived  
Of all envy, and earned by some quality reflection  
Could not define, though all men felt its power,  
And knew him for one of the leaders of the hour.  
He stood chatting easily with Vernon—His Grace's  
shrewd  
And trusted secretary—a certain unconsciousness  
Of self, an unconcern that told of strength, mark-  
ing him out  
From lesser men. They wondered if the rumour  
that pursued  
A lightning course about the town, had reached  
him yet. No stress  
Showed in his manner, no annoyance that might  
solve the doubt.  
Even as they questioned, one, with a cool blend  
Of spite and daring, roundly accused his friend.—  
“So His Saintly Grace of Shrewsbury trafficked  
with St. Germains  
While seeming so monstrous loyal!”—he jeered.  
The newcomer turned,  
Amazement on his face. “Will you repeat your  
charge? I think  
I cannot have heard aright, sir.”—Thus quietly  
he deigns.—

## WAYNFLETE

“ In truth, My Lord, I merely stated what we all  
have learned  
From Fenwick touching the Duke of Shrews-  
bury. Why should I shrink  
From telling what all men know? ”—The sneering  
glance  
Betrayed that the speaker had not struck by chance.  
Disdaining argument Lord Waynflete now was  
caught in toils  
He could not break. His enemy would not with-  
draw the lie;  
Honour decreed that he must fight, and fearlessness  
accepted it. Serene  
He challenged his opponent and they fought.  
The mind recoils  
From that which followed. 'Twas as if a god  
opposed a sly  
And skilful demon! Horror like a pall engulfed  
the scene,  
As after a gallant struggle Waynflete fell  
Wounded—fatally, they feared who knew too  
well.  
He made light of it. “ Tell Charles—’tis nothing,”  
he murmured. “ Go—  
Bring him to me, Vernon.”—The grieved secretary  
waited  
To hear the surgeon’s verdict—it was grave and  
gave no hope—

## WAYNFLETE

Then weeping sought his coach, overwhelmed to  
think of the blow  
That he must deal his chief. The Duke of Shrews-  
bury seemed fated  
To suffer, in that he was sensitive, and pride gave  
scope  
To cruel foes. Well was he named the King of  
Hearts,  
For charm that owed nothing to extraneous arts,  
But sprang from a subtle sympathy, endeared him  
to those  
With whom he came in contact. They felt a like  
nature shared  
Between them, a common understanding that no  
rank  
Or wealth could hide. Vernon knew a passionate  
love, some chose  
To sneer at, bound his master to Lord Waynflete;  
and to have been spared  
The task before him would have given all he had.  
He shrank  
In apprehension as he bid his coach proceed  
To the Duke's mansion in St. James's Square at  
speed!

\*       \*       \*       \*

“I would see His Grace at once!”—Thus the  
secretary made known

## WAYNFLETE

His urgent need. "Lord Churchill is with His Grace."—"It matters nought."—  
He brushed the man aside, and entering the stately room found  
Churchill about to leave.—"It is a matter for the King alone,  
And he will scoff at it! Fenwick must be crazy if he thought  
To save his skin by such wild calumnies!"—So Lord Churchill crowned  
The morning's tale. Despite his disturbance  
Vernon was impressed  
By the contrast between this soldier's attitude of scorn,  
And that of his chief. Churchill stood smiling,  
treating as a jest  
The charges of correspondence with the ex-King  
James, sworn  
Roundly against them both by Fenwick—all men knew, in his case  
Quite justly.—The Duke smiled too, but there was that in his fine face  
That showed the matter had gone home. His honour was unstained,  
His rectitude unquestioned, yet there had been one small failing  
Only the King knew. With set features he bade his guest farewell,

## WAYNFLETE

Then turned to Vernon. "Have you heard this gossip too? It has gained Some headway I believe."—"Your Grace, at Hammond's they talked"—quailing—"Lord Waynflete"—"Ah! Is Harry back?"— As though an evil spell Had lifted, Shrewsbury brightened; then as a thought struck him—"Did *he* Hear aught of this rumour?" He eyed Vernon steadily. At first Sunk in deep thought at Churchill's news, he had failed to see His secretary's trouble, but now he marked it.— "An accursed Fellow, Harrington, charged you openly before Lord Waynflete."— It was as though a cold hand had gripped his heart and stayed its beat. A moment's nameless terror, then with an effort "Well?"—he breathed.— "Lord Waynflete challenged him. They fought." The other's voice trailed and stopped. "He fought?—He fought for me?"—Before the sharp anguish of that cry Vernon winced and shuddered, as falteringly he sheathed The sword of his dread tidings in his master's breast. "His lordship dropped

## WAYNFLETE

Wounded;—The villain ran him through;—they  
say—that he must die.”—  
An agony enveloped Shrewsbury, blinding him.  
    Some weight pressed  
On him that he strove to lift and could not. He  
    sank overborne  
In fathomless depths—then became aware of  
    Vernon distressed  
Supporting him. Remembrance stabbed him wide  
    awake. With scorn  
For his weakness he arose. “Quick!—Take me  
    to Lord Waynflete!”—In haste,  
Vernon aiding him, they sought the waiting coach;  
    and without waste  
Of one fraught moment, challenged time in a  
    furious drive  
Back to the Coffee House. A deadly stillness  
    seized the Duke,  
As of a limitless despair. Shapes of horror jeered  
    and mocked  
Him, pointing some monstrous error that had  
    called his friend to strive  
And fall for him!—His friend!—Waynflete!—Of  
    no avail rebuke  
Or authority now!—Such direful visions held him  
    locked  
Until they reached the house. “’Twas feared  
    your Grace might come too late!”—

## WAYNFLETE

So men greeted him. A moment he faltered beneath this stroke,  
Then rallying entered the room where Waynflete  
lay at the gate  
Of death. He approached the bed.—“Harry!”—  
It seemed his heart broke  
On the word.—“Harry!”—A swift radiance illuminated  
The features of the dying man. “Charles,”—he  
breathed—“I have waited  
For you, my friend.”—“That you should give  
your life for my good name!—for me!”  
That cry turned men cold. “‘Tis a high honour  
—and for the best. Now  
You must fulfil alone—the tasks we planned.”—  
Waynflete’s voice became faint.  
Already he seemed far away, his eyes to see  
What the others could not. He whispered—a  
glory on his brow—  
“We shall meet again, Charles . . . This life is  
but the prelude.” . . . Like a saint  
He appeared transfigured—wrapped in the greatness  
of his soul! . . . One sigh—  
And he was gone . . . In the leaden pause that  
followed years of woe  
Seemed concentrated; earth and its glories faded;  
life passed by

## WAYNFLETE

Despairing, leaving man an eternity to bear the  
throe . . .

The Duke dropped senseless . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

With anguished moan, as though in protest against  
continued life,

Shrewsbury returned to consciousness, reclining in  
his own state

Chamber, Vernon beside his bed. His swoon was  
long; it seemed sorrow

Had wellnigh killed him. Raising himself with  
effort, like a knife

The memory of his loss came back to him! He  
sprang straight

From the couch, seized his sword lying near, and  
aimed himself a blow

So swift his friend had barely time to hinder it.—  
“Let me die!

I needs must follow him!—Vernon!—listen!—I  
appeal to you!”—

The grief of all the ages seemed centred in his  
heart’s great cry,—

“He died—to defend a falsehood!—*The ‘calumny’  
was true!*”

## SONG LYRICS



## SNOW

**F**ALLING snow!  
Softly blow  
Flakes about the silent air.  
Gleaming white  
In the light,  
All the earth's a pageant rare.

Peaceful noon!  
Softly strewn  
O'er the earth a carpet pure.  
Fairer scene  
Ne'er hath been;  
Would its beauty might endure!

## INVITATION

COME forth to the meadows,  
Cast off thy care,  
Watch how the streamlet flows  
Busily there;

Smell how the clover grows  
Scenting the air;  
See how the wild rose blows  
Wondrouslly fair.

Come forth to the meadows,  
Cast off thy care.  
Know that kind nature goes  
Ill with despair!

## PROPOSAL

**L**ADY! lady! why are you shy?  
See, you are blushing and passing me by.  
Does my appearance then cause you alarm?  
Is it through me that the world's full of charm?

Dearest! dearest! you I will tell,  
All this old earth's taken fast in a spell.  
Nature's immersed in a tangle of dreams,  
Roseate ones, shot with exquisite gleams.

You and I both are held in the thrall,  
Life is enchantment that never can pall.  
Come to me, sweetheart, and make it all true!  
Marry me now, and you never shall rue!

## NATURE SONG

**H**OORAY, O world, hooray!  
You never can take away  
What steals to me  
From the breath of the sea  
And the scent of a laden tree.

Depart, O friend, depart!  
Thou knowest nought of his heart  
Who loves to gaze  
On the far-off haze  
That softens the summer days.

Alas, fond world, alas!  
*You* cherish the joys that pass;  
My pleasures be  
The chant of the sea  
And the wind on the lonely lea.

## THE WIND

O H, the freshness of the Wind!  
How it bloweth, how it bloweth!  
Oh, the freedom of the Wind!  
Where it goeth, no man knoweth!

When it rusheth, 'tis a gale  
That crieth ocean "Hail,"  
And lasheth up the seas.  
When it sporteth, 'tis a breeze.  
When it sigheth, 'tis a sound  
Of spirits whisp'ring round.  
'Tis monstrous in its might  
When it shouteth to the night.

Oh, the freshness of the Wind!  
How it bloweth, how it bloweth!  
Oh, the freedom of the Wind!  
Where it goeth, no man knoweth!

## ENDEAVOUR

SOME days my verse so quickly scans  
And is so simply done.  
On some days I am full of plans,  
On others I have none.

Oh why does my unstable muse  
So lightly run away,  
And my appeal unkind refuse  
When I would have her stay?

She is so fickle and so fair  
I follow her in doubt.  
E'en when she grants her favours rare  
I seem to see her pout,

And poise herself for instant flight  
Should aught her will offend.  
Did ever fate a hapless wight  
A harder mistress send!

## THE RHYMESTER

LINES are running in my head  
All the time,  
And the thoughts that there are bred  
Sweetly rhyme.  
All the people that I meet  
Seem my happiness to greet,  
And they welcome me the while  
With a smile.

As I walk along the road,  
In my mind,  
Aspirations that abode  
Undefined,  
Swiftly crystallize in thought,  
And the phrases that I sought  
Sudden fall upon my ear  
Low and clear.

What it is that causes this  
Who can know?  
But I feel it is a bliss  
That doth grow  
With the freedom of the soul  
As it mergeth in the Whole,  
And the beauty of a life  
Without strife.

## LIFE SONG

**H**EY! the Day!  
What doth it say?  
What doth it say?—  
Wait and see.  
The joy of the Day  
Cometh to thee.

Hey! for Gold!  
What doth it hold?  
What doth it hold?—  
Nought but dust,  
The stain of the mould  
Ashes and rust.

Hey! for Bliss!  
What's in a kiss?  
What's in a kiss?—  
A passing boon.  
The ache of the miss  
Followeth soon.

## LIFE SONG

Hey! the Soul!  
What is its goal?  
What is its goal?—  
Nought but good.  
The flight of the Soul  
Reacheth to God!

## FAITH

SEE the little flower!  
Wouldest thou know  
How it doth grow?

First a gentle shower  
Wetteth it so,  
Then a breeze doth blow,

Next a sunny hour  
Hasteth to show  
How it may grow.

Nay! but 'tis a Power  
Causeth to flow  
Life in what we sow.

Him in His high Tower  
Do we all owe  
Trust, aye, even though

Skies should storm and low'r.  
Thus may we too,  
Perfectly grow.

## STORM THREAT

O H break, wild Storm, around me!  
With elemental force  
Assault me and defy me!  
I throw me in thy course.

My spirit leaps to meet thee,  
To feel the dreadful bliss  
Of thy divine embraces,  
Thy swift, impassioned kiss!

## CLOUD NUPTIALS

THE wind said to the flying cloud,  
"Come, marry me."  
But she was in her nature proud,  
And would be free.

Her virgin coldness feared to feel  
The warmth of love,  
So her fond lovers made appeal  
To heaven above.

The sun did then upon her blaze  
So steadily,  
She melted in his glowing rays,  
And joined the sea.

## APPEAL

O H, my mistress, where art thou?  
I desire thy presence now  
While the rain is driving past,  
And the stream is rising fast,  
And the mist lies everywhere—  
Wilt thou not my vigil share?

Brooding in this lonely tower,  
Gazing at the clouds that lower  
Angrily o'er all the land—  
Love, canst thou not understand  
How I need thy company,  
Yearn that thou shouldst visit me?

Tell me somewhat of thy dreams  
As I watch these dismal streams,  
Whisper softly in my ear  
Something that I long to hear,  
Fancies sweet and comforting,  
O'er the river's chattering.

## APPEAL

I will lend thee all my mind,  
Be to my surroundings blind,  
While thou breathest to me low,  
Mysteries that thou dost know,  
Phantasies so high and pure  
I can scarce the bliss endure. . . .

See, dear love, I wait for thee.  
Haste and set thy servant free.

## AIR VOICES

FROM the far horizon's mist  
Hath a breeze my senses kissed—  
Tenderly my senses kissed!—  
Told me secrets I would list  
For aye.

Shall I tell you what they are,  
Secrets whispered from afar,  
Whispered to me unaware  
By the spirits of the air  
And sky?

Nay, such words as I could use  
Only would their sense confuse,  
They are wafted wordlessly  
From the depths of mystery  
Unseen.

And they permeate the soul  
Bringing knowledge of the Whole  
In swift flashes of delight  
From beyond the realms of sight  
Serene.

## AIR VOICES

Oh, the voices of the air  
Weave a wild enchantment there  
For the lonely and the free,  
And a wondrous melody  
Doth ring

From the confines of the earth  
Where the breezes have their birth,  
And the spaces of the sky  
Whence the spirits from on high  
Do sing.



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